

THE CARMELITE

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Paul Henders
Drawer 2

AUGUST 28, 1929

FIVE CENTS



linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

THE TAX RATE

The assessment rate of Carmel business property is not to be increased this year. Sitting as a Board of Equalization, the City Council on Monday evening heard the protests of a number of property owners and voted to defer further action on the proposed re-assessment schedule pending a comprehensive survey.

MOTORING FATALITY

The Carmel Valley road was the scene of a fatal accident early Sunday morning when an automobile in which Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Anderson were returning to Carmel plunged down a twenty-foot embankment on a hairpin turn.

Mrs. Anderson was killed instantly. Her husband escaped with minor injuries.

ZEPPELIN

Disdaining the land route after its conquest of the Pacific, the Graf Zeppelin passed Carmel far out to seaward. Crowds flocked to the beach, others to the valley, prompted by a desire to glimpse air-history in the making.

IMRE WEISSHAUS

WEISSHAUS IN FINAL SUMMER RECITAL

Next Wednesday morning, September fourth, Imre Weisshaus will be heard in the final recital of the summer series.

Following the tonal sonorities of the modernist Rudhyar, to be heard today the twenty-eighth in a program of his own compositions, the work of Weisshaus is relatively cerebral and geometric. The juxtaposition of two composers who follow such differing directions provides an interesting opportunity to observe and compare the varying elements in the movement we call "modern"—Rudhyar representing the mystical with the richly sub-

jective sense of a universe full of meanings to be explored; Weisshaus the coolly intellectual European, rigidly disciplined to objectivity in art, dealing with abstractions in a mathematical way.

Weisshaus' program:

Bela Bartok — From "For Children"

Zoltan Kodaly — From op. 11
VII-Rubato; II-Parlando

Paul Kadosa — Sonatina

Imre Weisshaus — Two piano pieces
Sostenuto-Poco Lento

Imre Weisshaus — Two sketches
Lento, quasi improvvisando
Tccelerando

THE CASUALTIES MEND

Brett Weston, who spent long weeks of the early summer nursing a broken leg, is sturdy again and without a limp.

John Rockwell, who suffered a grave injury of the arm in an automobile accident, has returned to school, unable to use the arm but anticipating a delicate operation which will restore it to use.

Dan James, who drove over the edge of the Highlands road, recuperates excellently, still in hospital, his fractures knitting into wholeness.

For young Cyril Delevanti there is still anxiety. Daily high temperatures indicate the presence of an unconquered unlocalized infection, accompanied by a heavy drain upon vital energies, and necessitating a blood transfusion.

Carmel News . .

THE HAMMERKLAVIER SONATA

The playing by Richard Buhlig of the great Sonata opus 106 of Beethoven was an event of dimensions in Carmel last week.

It is rarely heard anywhere, partly because of its extreme difficulty; partly because it is an ordeal to listen to, written as it is upon a symphonic scale of size; and partly because, as Buhlig explained, of the actual ugliness of the last movement, the fugue.

Written by a composer totally deaf, it was heard inward. It transcends its own form; in the end, said Buhlig, it takes the sonata form, twists, tortures, and breaks through it. It must be played, he said, with a consciousness of the inadequacy of the piano as an instrument. In mightiness it is perhaps beyond all other piano compositions.

As he uttered his prefatory words, Buhlig himself seemed to have become the Beethoven of whom he spoke,—storm-driven, chaotic, a god in a frenzy, breaking through the limitation of the human, beyond the human. He carried his audience with him into this intensity, and keyed them to a high pitch for the ordeal of listening.

The storm of the first movement broke over their heads, with its acute contrasts, its sudden rhythms and fractions of rhythmic patterns, its over-abundant vitality. Half-way through, too, its bit of heavenly humor,—as though Beethoven in the midst of tragic passion and despair, had suddenly smiled and forgiven the universe.

Buhlig's audience was in remarkably sympathetic relation to the artist. He and they endured the storm of the sonata together, suffered the torture of the fugue, entered together the acute bliss and slow movement, the adagio.

Buhlig's playing was stupendous. He makes the fugue a movement wildly aggressive, punctuated with sharp attacks, the rhythms torn. Yet he is totally obedient to the text.

("How many notes did he drop?" asked a member of the audience afterwards of one who had followed the playing from the score." Not a single note. Not even a rest," was the answer

"When Rubenstein used to play that," was the astonished comment, "they said he used to drop enough notes to make a whole new composition.")

The Hammerklavier Sonata of Beethoven is comparable to the tragedies of Sophocles. ("The nature of tragedy . . cath-

arsis through pity and fear," said Aristotle.") Immensely, Buhlig took his audience through the Beethovenian tragedy, and brought them through life and death, through the heavens and hells which the gods must endure, through the quietness of finality.

A vast and memorable evening.

P. G. S.

A SINGER

An hour of profound delight,—Vasia Anikeef's singing last Wednesday morning at La Ribera.

It is an enormous thing a recital demands of the singer. Through this buzzing audience he must thread his way, past the friendly and musically irrelevant chatter, into the immense quiet of his own musical consciousness; thence evoke a state of being in which he can forget audience and room, enter into the chamber of the song.

Vasia Anikeef did this. Completely he entered the song, became the song. Never was he merely the singer singing it. He is fully the artist.

It was a delightful group of Russian folk songs with which the program began. What folk have humor equal to the Russians? A profound dignity underlies it,—underlies their tenderness, their simplicity. Anikeef sang these with exquisite artistry, his magnificently resonant voice totally adapted to them.

The voice, indeed, of Anikeef is a thing of great beauty. Yet it has one flaw,—or it may be called one problem. Its upper register is not at all equal in calibre to the lower. This will have to develop before his instrument can be considered adequate to his artistry and the demands it makes upon him. Superbly Anikeef sang the song "Der Ring an Meinem Finger,"—sang it with utter beauty. Yet the voice in the upper register seemed to bend under the weight of the song. It could not take so great a burden.

This is a temporary difficulty, however. The artist must merely labor further to perfect his instrument. He has all the rest,—imagination, temperament, musicianship of very high quality,—and a voice like the voice of a god speaking.

No comment upon the recital is complete without acknowledgment of the superb musicianship of Emanuel Balaban. The combination of the simplicity and the dramatic intensity of Anikeef, with the distinction and the magnificent aloofness of Balaban, is peculiarly satisfying. Balaban does more than "give support." He provides a warp of security and dynamic certainty upon which the delicate thread of the voice can weave its pattern.

P. G. S.

THE CARMELITE, August 28, 1929

THE NEW DANCE AS A RITUALISTIC ART

D. Rudhyar will give a lecture recital Friday evening, August thirtieth at eight fifteen, at Mrs. Harry Sheppard's residence (Mrs. Young-Hunter's studio) on Casanova, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets. The admission charge will be one dollar.

Rudhyar has recently connected himself with a group of dancers in New York who are re-creating the dance in terms of a new technique and a new inspiration. Until recently the dance has been but a popular or impulsive manifestation of physical vitality, or a sort of conventionalization of movements expressing such a vitality, or pure ballet-technique so-called. Today the dance is being led once more to its sacred and quasi-ritualistic source. Dance-dramas or dance-rituals are being conceived on the basis of dance-movements which are abstract, or one might say cosmic. This is of great interest to the musician whose cooperation is needed if such dance-dramas are fully to develop. Rudhyar is working, composing music for these new manifestations which are to be the first complete expressions of the American dance. All these new dancers are American-born and trained in older American dance-schools.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART

While the golfers arrive this week, the stars dim from the musical firmament. Buhlig departs; Balaban has returned to Rochester, where he directs the department of opera at the Eastman School. Harold Griffin is off for New York to try his wings. Cowell, Rudhyar, are off. Weissahaus too.

It has been a summer magnificent with music.

THE BENIGHTED NATIVE

"Yeah," he said, hitching himself a little further over the counter, and shifting his cigar a bit.

"I been over to Carmel, me and my wife.

"Why, yeh know, those Carmellers is crazy. Just nuts.

"They're un-American. They got no respect for American ideals and American culture.

"No style, yeh know.

"The roads are all bumps 'n' dirt. No street lights. No street names. No numbers on the houses. Just living in little wooden shacks.

"And pleased with themselves? Say yeh know, I bet I never seen a happier looking lot—they're that ignorant."

WINGED JOURNEYING

Nine o'clock at the Monterey hangar, Maddux Air Lines. We fly today from Monterey to San Francisco, and thence south to Los Angeles.

The plane stands ready,—its three motors,—one at each side and one in front,—still muffled in their waterproof coverings.

We descend from the car which has brought us through the Del Monte polo grounds and past the military encampment into this place which feels distant and separate from the world,—a great space of brown earth, scratched by the long wheel-marks of planes.

The motors uncovered, three mechanics stand at the labor of starting the motors. As each motor comes to life, the oak trees behind shudder, the branches wildly wave in the storm of wind.

The standing suitcases topple over.

We love a little further off.

The captain beckons us in. We take our places in this compact cabin,—room for ten of us. The first mate ascends and takes his place beside the pilot. The motors roar at all pitches,—shrill and profound. We look at one another, elate, but it is useless to speak.

Long we stand there, while she roars. Then down the long field on balloon tires,—swerve in a great turn at the end; pause,—down the field again.

Suddenly the great bird rises.

Here we stand upon no firm thing; billowed upon air, pushing the air below us,—just as in those dreams of flight we had in sleep.

Ascent,—ascent. We are over the trees, we have crossed over a farm. In the distance is a flock of little houses, set in patterns of fields.

We are beyond them. Human beings live down there.

Now we lift over the hills; because of the scale of this new universe we are experiencing, our motion seems slow. Through the heavy roar one whispers at me, "Are we really moving?" The roar of the motors, the wheeling of the landscape far below in that distant unreality, attest it.

In what world are we? We move in another dimension. We are not of those below who crawl along marked lines upon a plane surface. Ecstasy profound.

Ascent, ascent.

We lift toward a range of mountains. We are above them, and now they lie as though flat below us. The eye sees them strangely. Only the contourations of their stream-lines and their tree-crevices indicate their curvature.

Beyond is fog.

We lift over the fog.

We have climbed over the edge of this great blanket, and are now upon a sea of snow. As far as the eye can see, and beyond that limitless horizon, the fog-bank lies, curled and billowing below us. It is unimaginable for the moment that there is anything in the universe beyond this smoky softness, luminous as moon-stone. We are alone in our world.

Yet our plane has a companion,—one living companion upon the white sea of the world. Our own shadow moves below us, surrounded by a circular rainbow.

(The projection of three-dimensionality upon two dimensions is a shadow.)

We pass beyond the cloud-field, and cross a mountain range. That little brown aggregate below is a settlement. If there are men, they are as minutely indiscernible as amoebas. Man is an invisible creature sparsely distributed over the earth, but traceable nevertheless because of his taste for rectangles.

Most persistent of all animals, he has crept exploring all over the landscape. The curving hills show the flow of waters; the straight roads show the purposive geometrizations of man.

Now the earth, summer-parched, shows brown and dry and dread as the moon,—the stream-beds bare. Yet the flow of forms show how earth once lay torn and grooved by passionate elements.

This river trails into fringes like a piece of long sea-weed. The roads are loosely looped in scallops about the hills. The air man sees to a new scale. There is neither big nor little. The universe looks lonely.

We reach the populous valley. The first fringe of farms. The towns. Now cities. (Why do you not label yourselves, o cities? Does not one ant-hill look like any other to the eye of god? And your proudest university, from this height, is merest Christmas-tree ornament to us, a pretty toy imported from Czecho-Slovakia.)

San Francisco Bay. The lagoons, the rivers and rivulets, the patterns of stream-flow. The salt-beds, with their array of color,—maroon, black-blue, and purple.

At last, on our left, the city itself,—"the dim rich city of Camelot" for a moment out of mist . . . and we have swung away past it.

Now descent. Power drops away under

us. Earth comes nearer. Detail emerges. Streets have walks. Gardens have fences. Houses have windows. Out of invisibility men become visible. We slant toward earth. We touch earth.

Accurately the pilot swings the plane to its exact spot. We are at the Alameda Airport, Maddux Air Lines Incorporated.

In fifteen minutes, so reads the time table, our plane leaves for Los Angeles and we shall be there in three hours.

We simulate calm. We bid the Captain a polite farewell.

Our feet touch the earth. Again we travel in a line upon a surface, two-dimensional.

Can a line explain its knowledge of the point? Can the airman tell to the earthman what he knows?

From now on, all birds are birdmen to our comrades. Looking up at the silver flock, passing high with its throbbing motors, we share its knowing.

P. G. S.

Personal Bits . . .

The Seven Arts Book Shop has again returned to the hands of its originator and proprietor, Bert Heron.

■ ■ ■
Anne Martin is with Jane Addams this week at the International Peace Congress at Prague. Thereafter follow two weeks in Soviet Russia, to whose consulate they appear personae gratae.

■ ■ ■
Sir Gilbert Parker is at the Pine Inn for an extended stay, devoting three hours a day to a book which will be the twenty-seventh he has published.

■ ■ ■
Mr. Peter Murray of Hollywood came, with his daughter Miss Margaret Murray, to Carmel last week to celebrate no less than his eighty-ninth birthday.

Surrounded by friends at a sunset picnic on the beach, he remembered the old days in Ohio—the present framing the past. He was aided in this by Dr. Search, a mere youngling of seventy-seven, who had tales to tell of many of the same folk.

"Come stay in Carmel," said Dr. Search as they parted, "it's a good place in which to spend the next twenty or thirty years."

And the look in the eyes of the two, the ruddy color on their faces, gave support to the program.

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COMPOSER
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It looked like an ordinary picnic.

They had come in three cars to the place, turned in at the gateway to Lobos, piled out, and scattered in all directions suddenly with the irrelevance of butterflies.

They lifted their arms, they shouted, they smiled at one another, they exchanged obvious utterances concerning the beauty of the day. There were in the car sandwiches and fruit and cake together with all the appurtenances of feasting; and besides, they were very happy.

All the things they did all during the day were obvious and unoriginal. They littered the landscape with paper napkins and plates. They tossed olive pits about. No one said anything important; and no mental or cultural advance was made in any direction that day.

Yet there was a total joyousness among them; they were like fishes swimming in a brook together, like birds in the harmony of flight together, like clouds lifting bright over the landscape together, luminous and weightlessly free.

They moved about together within the warm stream of their mutual affection, each of them for all the rest. Each one when his eyes met those of the others knew himself loved, and that he gave his love. No intensity of focus, no passion, no flame burning concealed—they were not lovers, any of these, but friends. Or rather, they were all lovers, without hunger, lovers at peace and content together.

It was therefore that what they said or did was of no consequence. Whether they sat and looked at the spray breaking high over the rocks; or whether they clambered out over the ridge to hear the seals barking; whether they were silent, or talked of matters of importance or unimportance.

It looked like an ordinary picnic. One of them threw a banana peel into a tree. No one said anything important; and no mental or cultural advance was made in any direction that day.

CEMETERY

She had been away for two years. She had heard scarcely anything from any of her old friends.

"How are you? How are you all?" she asked them when she burst upon them.

"We are all the same," they said. "But you, you look different."

"Tell me what you have been doing," she asked.

"We are doing the same things. We are just as before," they said.

Then she returned, took every pattern of her old life, and broke it. Broke the rhythms of work and play, of relationships and attitudes and habits.

She was not ready to die.

(After hearing Beethoven's Hammerklavier Sonata played by Richard Buhlig)

He, who was deaf, transcended sound.
Cool fingers pressed from chords the pain
of each.

From pent-up woe, we, listening found
Being else dumb, the throbbing hurt of
speech.

M. E. B.

"LIGHT OF ASIA"

The showing of the motion picture "The Light of Asia," a film depicting the life of Gotama Buddha, at the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theater, San Francisco, has created a rift in the foreign colonies of the Bay cities.

Although the picture was made in India with an entire Hindu cast and produced under Indian direction, with the expressed purpose of giving the western world a better understanding of India to offset the impressions created by Margaret Mayo's "Mother India," there are Hindus among the student group who violently object to the production.

It is contended among other things that the scenes showing snakes, snake-charmers and fakirs give an untrue impression of India in general; that scenes showing poverty-stricken masses should not have been selected for screening. The young nationalists hold that the persons shown in "undress" are decidedly a mistake, although the picture is supposedly a reproduction of life as it was in India two thousand years ago. Other Hindus object on religious grounds, saying that mysticism, non-resistance, and religion have kept India in a state of depression. On the other side of the controversy, several cultured Hindus have expressed themselves as approving the picture because it truly represents India.

Meanwhile, American students of religion, theosophy, and of Oriental art and philosophy speak for the production as being most creditable as a first effort of the type to come out of India.

INDUSTRIAL DEADLINE

You are an old man and not wanted for employment in thousands of industrial plants throughout the country when you have reached the age of forty-five, it is revealed by a nation-wide survey by the American Federation of Labor.

Seeking a solution to the problem of unemployment for veteran workers, the Federation has made public the results of its enquiry, showing that many manufacturing plants refuse to employ men even over the age of thirty-five.

Books . . .

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

"The Tangle-Coated Horse." By Ella Young. Longmans Green, New York. September 1929.

On September eighteenth there will come from the presses of Longmans Green a new book of stories for children, *The Tangle-Coated Horse*, by Ella Young.

Certainly this is the finest thing this strangely gifted being has yet done. Many are the practical everyday stories sensibly provided for the children of the Machine Age. But the adventures of Irish folk-heroes in *The Tangle-Coated Horse* will satisfy that hunger for utter beauty which still persists among children—for beauty and adventure, symbolism, humor, earthy simplicity, richness of color and imagery, and a magnificently vital feeling for life.

For the child of nine, or ten, or eleven, who is still a mystic and a poet, living in his own inner dream of beauty, this volume will be nourishment.

It is superb prose, swinging with the rhythms of Irish folk-speech. The stories are vigorous and primitive. They have flavor. There are many illustrations by Vera Bock.

Miss Young's volume will catch the imagination of the child who responds to the richness of primitive ritual, as when

"the Red Woman stopped and lifted a handful of earth: she let some of it fall through her fingers on the forehead of the dead man. 'Since this King is dead,' she said, 'my son that is a poet can make songs again.'

"She let some of the earth fall on the dead man's breast. 'Since this King is dead, my son that is a Master of Wisdom will have peace for meditation.'

"She let some of the earth fall on the dead man's feet. 'Since this King is dead, my son that carves in stone and ivory can make images again, of men and beasts and flying dragons at his will.'

"She threw the rest of the earth lightly on the dead man from head to foot. 'You that had the swiftness of the wind,' she said, 'and the untameable heart of the wind—go with the wind'."

And again:

"Upon the thither side of the water she stood. Her beauty was terrible. Her beauty was like a sword that twisted in his heart . . . And she stood there with the Universe behind her, with the Crowned Gods of Dahna rank on rank—and he could not raise an eyelid.

"What is your will?" she said.

"It was a voice so faint and sweet and

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THE CARMELITE

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CALIFORNIA

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Editorial . . .

WORK TO BE DONE

"Yes, I believe a survey of the social service needs of Monterey County would be the next step for you in the development of a constructive social program," said Dr. Miriam van Waters, Referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, president of the National Conference of Social Work, and outstanding social worker of California, the other day when discussing our county situation with us. "Such a survey could very well be made by one individual competent, experienced, and professionally equipped for such a task, in a few weeks."

Dr. van Waters told how, recently in Los Angeles County, a survey was made of the needs, functional and administrative, of the county with regard to its juvenile delinquents. Specific recommendations were made and a definite program outlined. The Service Club of Los Angeles sponsored this, publishing the report over its name. The work was done under the supervision of the National Probation Association. A survey (clearly and specifically outlining what Monterey County should do in order to meet adequately the needs of its Dependents, Defectives, Delinquents, just what and how to fulfill its obligations, how functioning and how equipped, and, with what type of personnel,) is necessary in order to prevent us from blundering and bungling along, even though we had a Board of Health

and Welfare, made up of public-spirited citizens of the very best intentions.

WHAT IS SOCIAL WORK AND WHAT IS A SOCIAL WORKER?

As the doctor is the worker in that profession whose job it is to deal healingly with individuals who are pathological or "sick," or to prevent their becoming so—the "social worker" is a member of that profession which deals with unadjusted units in a society which is pathological or sick. Like medicine, it is essentially patch-work.

"Social work" is a technique of adjustment. Thirty or forty years ago it consisted in taking Christmas baskets to the poor (and forgetting about them the other three hundred and sixty days of the year). Today it is a highly-developed profession, with the psychiatrist as its right-hand man, and the giving of alms or "relief" as the very least of its functions.

Suppose we have a mentally defective child in the school; or a perverted one. An aged or indigent man alone. An individual who is pathological but not insane—unable to hold a job, perhaps; too "queer" to "get along."

What shall we do about such cases? Shake our heads over the tea table? "Be kind" to them?

Not all are necessarily institutional cases. And besides, there must be machinery to set even such action in motion.

The social agencies stand as agencies of reference.

Let us say, for instance, that the case of this incorrigible boy has been referred to the Juvenile Protective Association, (or whatever it is called in this particular hypothetical locale). The case worker to whom it is referred is a man or a woman professionally trained to know and to understand. He knows what sort of things cause boys to be, or become, "incorrigible." He knows types of boys.

He is not a police officer, and is not interested in punishment. He is interested in the boy.

"What kind of a boy are you, and what do you do, and why do you do it?" he seeks to learn. For this he must be a trained psychologist. He will not be, as many an inadequate and untrained police or probation officer has sometimes become, a sadist with a thirst for punishment. His job is to solve the problem for this boy, or to help the boy solve his own problem; and he will not close this case until the best possible social adjustment has been made.

He will keep careful records (the case cards and sheets yellow and blue and green are almost appalling to the layman) of facts and steps. He will note down and summarize the gist of each talk, with, or concerning, the boy. He will first diagnose the social mal-adjustment. Then

THE CARMELITE, August 28, 1929

he will tackle the cause; he will bring about a situation in which that cause will not appear. Let us say, for instance, that this is a "bad boy." Not only does he lie and steal; but he teaches the other children to lie and steal; he also takes pleasure in acts of perversion; his presence is a danger among the children.

(When in Carmel such a case occurs, our only act is to throw the boy out of school. We have "protected" our own children by making him an outcast, but we have been totally irresponsible toward him).

The case worker will study the health and the mentality of this boy; his home conditions and his own inner wants. He is perhaps the loneliest and least loved and the hungriest of human beings, under the bravado.

Perhaps no drastic action at all is necessary. Perhaps it is. Perhaps he merely needs some health measure taken (boys have been called "incorrigible" when all they needed was eyeglasses). Perhaps he needs to be taken out of his home altogether, because of an acutely disturbing disharmony there or mal-nourishment of his nature.

As the technique and the workmanship of social case work develop from year to year, as they enormously have through professional schools of social work in the last dozen years—fewer and fewer such boys will be thrown to the reform schools (also these schools will be profoundly altered) and more and more delicate, successful, and constructive work will be effected through the case worker.

We in general have little knowledge of the enormous quantity of social case work which goes on in every great city. We are not in contact with the conditions with which it deals. It is hidden work,—like the drains underground.

There may be hundreds of social workers in a city and we never meet one. They are earnest and busy people. And perhaps we seem to them trivial, evading, with our "arts" and our "culture," the grim facts which underlie society. But they are there nevertheless,—the Visiting Nurses, the Hospital Social workers, who make a study of after-care and post-hospital adjustment of patients, the free employment agencies, the psychiatrists, the clinics, the settlements. The institutions for the blind, for defective girls, for the aged, control clinics with their heart-breaking records.

All this machinery for social patchwork is a necessity still, and will be while we have a society which produces misfits. It is a huge and complicated profession, with a technique developing into something worthy of respect, differing from the original sentimentalist who first ineffectively wept over his neighbor's hunger, as does the horn-rimmed wielder of the birch-rod in the old Dame School from

the competent modern educator.

This being the case, no untrained group of citizens can be considered competent to judge adequately the social service needs of a community or a county. For the presentation of the picture as a whole, we must depend upon professional minds of the highest training and experience.

NO NEW DETENTION HOME

Although the County Supervisors have allowed for County Jail and Juvenile Detention Home in their new budget it is quite possible that nothing will be done about these unless they are convinced of our earnestness in the matter. (What do County Supervisors necessarily know about modern prison administration? They will have to be awakened and taught, like the rest of us.)

Enlightened students know that the solution for county offenders so far proven most satisfactory as the

COUNTY FARM

This means, that instead of spending their days, nights, weeks and months, in dark cells and in irresponsible idleness, men and women are given wholesome and constructive occupation, much of it out-of-doors. The fundamental difference between the two is too obvious to require comment.

COUNTY SUPERVISORS, ABANDON YOUR BARBAROUS BASTILE, PROVIDE MONTEREY COUNTY WITH A MODERN COUNT YFARM.

A second important point was recently made by Dr. van Waters with regard to our Detention Home. It should be written in letters of fire that MONTEREY COUNTY IMPRISONS ITS CHILDREN WITH ADULT OFFENDERS. The writer has seen them there,—young boys locked in the cell-block with adult offenders.

The county supervisors have budgeted some thirty-odd thousand dollars for the construction of a Juvenile Detention Home. When is this Detention Home to be ready, and what kind is it going to be?

Dr. van Waters, who speaks with the best possible authority out of her life's experience, says that we do not need to build a building of a prison type. All we need to do, she suggests, is to rent an ordinary home,—a home, not a punitive institution, and install there the right man and wife as House Mother and House Father. If necessary, says Dr. van Waters, bar the windows.

WHY WE ENJOY READING

MR. HEARST'S "EXAMINER":

It calls Einstein's theory of relativity "an intellectual triviality."

A Poem by Robinson Jeffers . . .

AN ARTIST

That sculptor we knew, the passionate-eyed son of a quarryman,
Who astonished Rome and Paris in his meteor youth, and then was gone, 't the
high tide of his triumphs,

Without reason or goodbye; I have seen him again lately, after twenty years,
but not in Europe.

In desert hills I rode a horse slack-kneed with thirst. Down a steep slope a dancing
swarm

Of yellow butterflies over a shining rock made me hope water. We slid down
to the place,

The spring was bitter, but the horse drank. I imagined wearings of an old
path from that wet rock

Ran down the canyon; I followed, soon they were lost, I came to a stone valley
in which it seemed

No man nor his mount had ever ventured, you wondered whether even a vulture'd
ever spread sail there.

There were stones of a strange form under a cleft in the far hill; I tethered the
horse to a rock

And scrambled over. A heap like a stone torrent, a moraine,
But monstrously formed limbs of broken carving appeared in the rock-fall, enormous
breasts, defaced heads

Of giants, the eyes calm through the brute veils of fracture.

It was natural then to climb higher and go in

Up the cleft. The canyon was a sheer-walled crack winding at the entrance, but
round its bend

The walls grew dreadful with stone giants, presences growing out of the rigid precipice,
that strove

In dream between stone and life, intense to cast their chaos . . . or to enter
and return . . . stone-fleshed, nerve-stretched

Great bodies ever more beautiful and more heavy with pain, they seemed leading
to some unbearable

Consummation of the ecstasy . . . but there, troll among Titans, the bearded master
of the place accosted me

In a cold anger, a mallet in his hand, filthy and ragged. There was no kindness
in that man's mind.

But after he had driven me down to the entrance he spoke a little

The merciless sun had found the slot now

To hide in, and lit the wick of that stone lamp-bowl a sky almost, I thought, abominably
beautiful;

While our lost artist we used to admire: for now I knew him: spoke of his passion.

He said, "Marble?"

White marble is fit to model a snow-mountain: let man be modest. Nor bronze: I
am bound to have my tool

In my material, no irrelevances. I found this pit of dark-gray freestone, fine
grained, and tough enough

To make sketches that under any weathering will last my lifetime . . .

The town is eight miles off, I can fetch food and no one follows me home. I have
water and a cave

Here; and no possible lack of material. I need, therefore, nothing. As to companions,
I make them.

And models? They are seldom wanted: I know a basque shephard I sometimes
use; and a woman of the town.

What more sympathy? Praise? I have never desired them and also I have never
deserved them. I will not show you

More than the spalls you saw by accident

What I see is the enormous beauty of things, but what I attempt

(continued on page eight)

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Is nothing to that. I am helpless toward that.

Is it only to form in stone the mold of some ideal human that might be worthy to be

Under that lightning. Animalcules that God (if he were given to laughter) might omit to laugh at.

Those children of my hands are tortures, because they feel," he said, "the storm of the outer magnificence.

They are giants in agony. They seem from my eyes

The man-destroying beauty of the dawns over their notch yonder, and all the obliterating stars.

But in their eyes they have peace. I have lived a little and I think

Peace marrying pain alone can breed that excellence in the luckless race, might make it decent

To exist at all on the star-lit stone breast.

I hope," he said, "that when I grow old and the chisel drops,

I may crawl out on a ledge of the rock and die like a wolf."

These fragments are all I can remember,

These in the flare of the desert evening. Having been driven so brutally forth I never returned;

Yet I respect him enough to keep his name and the place secret. I hope that some traveller

May stumble on that ravine of the Titans after their maker has died.

While he lives, let him alone.

—Robinson Jeffers

EDWARD WESTON'S GENIUS

By Aline Kistler
in the "San Francisco Chronicle"

The photographic prints by Edward Weston, exhibited in the Courvoisier Little Gallery through September second, prove a refreshing reminder of what cardinal virtues, simplicity and direct honesty are in art. There is so much theorizing, so much devising of new methods and new viewpoints in the work of many contemporary artists that one often forgets that art may be a direct expression of truth, a clear statement of beauty. It is seldom indeed that one finds beauty as simply stated as in the prints by Weston.

Coming now, little more than a year since the Weston exhibition in the East-West Gallery, the Courvoisier showing presents fresh work of a man whose point of view is familiar to San Francisco.

The present exhibit is made up of prints produced within the last year together with a few of Weston's earlier work that bears repeated showing. But there are only a few prints here that have been seen before, a portrait, a tapering tree trunk, a mass of Mexican pots—all the rest are new compositions, in which one finds the same spirit, but no suspicion of repeated formula.

Each of Weston's prints is very evidently a fresh solution to an individual problem of beauty. Even when the subject is practically the same, as in the two red pepper studies, one feels that each has been individually conceived and is not in any way an echo of the one that went before.

Weston has been working in Carmel since the first of this year and because of this it is particularly interesting to see what he has done with Carmel as a camera subject. Of course one would not expect him to do another Point Lobos or any of the equally obvious picturesquenesses of the art colony region, but even so one would be prepared to overlook certain compromises with the contagious atmosphere of Carmel. But that is not necessary. The same Weston who was able to go to Mexico and withstand the lazy charm of the obviously picturesque has gone to Carmel and remained unaffected by what everyone else sees there.

If there were a catalogue you would read in it "Cypress, Carmel" as the title of one of the prints and say, "Of course he would have to do a cypress, everybody does." But Weston has not done the cypress that others have seen. He uses a fragment of the root or a single cluster of foliage to express the whole tortured spirit of these storm-wrenched trees. He has found a simple statement of the tree itself in the part that suffices for the whole.

It is the same with rock forms. Weston finds in a few simple patterned crevices all the placidity and strength of an entire mountainside.

This is art. This is modern art—the expression that deals with things as they are in the spirit of today with no mist of former conceptions. Weston is looking through his own eyes, not through those of tradition or convention or any preconceived impression. This then is primitive art in its truest sense, the honest expression of reality in terms of firsthand observation and appreciation.

small that it seemed to be within Fionn himself that it spoke.

"Fionn knew that every mountain in Ireland stood alert for his answer . . . but his tongue refused him, and the sword of her beauty twisted deeper and deeper in his heart. . . He flung out his arms convulsively and fell forward with his face on the earth . . .

"How light; how unburdened it felt to be dead. He had not thought he could feel so light. What a greenness, as of emerald stone, about him; a strange translucent greenness that caressed his body—endless, unobstructed, softly sliding, translucent greenness. He moved without effort, sustained and poised in it. It lapped him intimately, it yielded to his every wish. The empty spaces of this world were his: no moon chilled them, no fierceness of the sun burned there, no sprinkled stars. And like the pellucid vastness in which he moved, his body was vast; and in a measure strange to him. The strangeness pleased him, a sense of the mysterious deeps below filled him with joy. He joyed in himself. He floated in his world; he cleft it with swift strokes; he swam strongly in it. What a pulse; what a long slow surge of delight went through it, lifting him, intoxicating him. He was swimming in the Well of the Sacred Hazel. He was the crimson-spotted Salmon of Knowledge.

"And the Nuts of the Sacred Hazel Tree fell on the waters."

MORE OF WINNIE THE POOH

Dutton's announce an addition to the A. A. Milne series of children's books to make its appearance on September seventh under the title of "Christopher Robin's Story Book."

The forthcoming edition is to be a reprint of selected poems and stories from the books on which rest Milne's fame as a children's author.

PEACE THROUGH EDUCATION

The World Federation of Education Associations has been holding its third biennial conference at Geneva. This conference closed on August third and it is likely that the next meeting will be held in America.

The aim of the Federation is to discuss the significant movements in education. This year it turned especially towards the discussion of promotion of peace through education. Gilbert Murray of Oxford, President of the League of Nations Committee of Intellectual Cooperation, struck an unexpected note when he warned that the best road "to international good will is to cultivate common memories, associations, and aims. That is, to cultivate such subjects as ancient history, Latin or physical science."

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THE CARMELITE, August 28, 1929

THE MEXICAN INVASION

The rising tide of labor immigration from Mexico has created a problem which is causing the American Federation of Labor much concern. Mexico sends into this country each year nearly half as many immigrants as all Europe combined. The sugar-beet and cotton growers of the Southwest are said to depend almost entirely upon this type of labor, as do the railroad maintenance-of-way departments. The farmers say they can get no other labor; that if the immigration of Mexicans is restricted on a quota basis, there will be disaster in the border farming districts.

Furthermore, explains Robert N. McLean in "The New Republic," domestic problems, both of a labor and social nature, have been created by the influx of Mexican labor. Los Angeles, for example, "has become the second Mexican city of the world"; there are more Mexicans in our Southwestern states than in Mexico's border states. It seems that—

"The expansion of our industries after the war, the growth of irrigation projects in the Southwest, and the quota law of 1924, which barred all cheap labor except Mexican, have all combined to draw a stream of Mexicans from their country into ours. There are probably fifty times as many Mexicans now in the territory that we won from Mexico as there were when it still flew the tricolor of the serpent and the cactus. San Antonio, Dallas, El Paso, Los Angeles, and Phoenix have become distributing centers where labor agents bid against each other for the valuable workers. The farmers go to considerable expense to recruit Mexican labor, only to see it taken away from them by the industries.

"We are told that Mexicans, accustomed to live upon a few cents a day, introduce lowered standards of living; that they migrate from place to place, making the establishment of homes impossible; that they are not assimilable, either from a cultural or racial standpoint.

"Does the Mexican make a good American citizen? He laughs at the question; and so does everyone that knows him. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, one hundred and twelve Mexicans throughout the entire country became American citizens. The Mexicans already in the United States have little intention of going home, but must be accepted as a permanent addition to our society.

"Should we then resort to the quota? It is my opinion that we should not, if immigration can be limited in any other way. That too many Mexicans are entering the country each year to maintain the wages that make possible an American standard of living is obvious; but it is just as obvious that to cut the number down to 1,557 by the application of the quota would cripple the industries of the Southwest. We must find a policy that will meet both of these facts."



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